

COSTAGUANA

EFGIART

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Under the circumstances, this will have to be COSTAGUANA, a journal of postal Diplomacy and unmitigated upchucking banged out with two fingers by Conrad F. von Metzke, 4374 Donald Avenue, San Diego, CA 92117-3813, USA. 'Phones: Home (619) 276-2937. Office: (619) 566-2170 or 566-2190. Use the work 'phones, please, only if you've no choice in the matter. I'm normally there 8 to 5, but no promises.

Subscriptions: 22c per issue, for as many as you decide to send money for. Trades: all-for-all, gladly. Game fees: Irrelevant, as we've no openings foreseeable.

WELCOME! Many readers will be seeing this for the first time. That's because, as I noted last issue, Doug Beyerlein has elected to go belly-up (editorially speaking) after nineteen years of totin' dem bales, and I ~~got stuck with~~ said I'd take the games. I hope you people will enjoy it here. We're a little crazy in these here parts; lunacy comes first and game theory last. When you consider that this is supposed to be a Diplomacy publication, it's amazing how little we deal with Diplomacy. Hell, I haven't printed a strategy article in many years.

Well, we can only hope you'll be happy here. You're certainly welcome to try to be. However, I issue fair warning: If what you want is a journal that is dry, takes the game seriously, and heaps praise on those who make brilliant tactical decisions, I will gladly send you a resignation form. If you want to get actively involved in any of the current hobby feuds in these pages, I will fill out the resignation for you. If, on the other hand, you will settle for some screwiness and some fun and even occasionally a bit off-color, baby, you got it!

As but a single, albeit typical, example: Before I print it, I plan to slobber coffee all over Page Six. That's because I really want to test several different makes of copier, to find out which one copies stains best.

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ERIC DEPARTMENT: The other afternoon, Eric walked up and announced, "Daddy, I want to play 'Candyland' (a board game for small children). So I asked Ross if he'd join us, and got the game out. "I'll get the board," said Eric, and took it out. "I'll get the cards," said Eric, and took them out. "I'll get the little men (playing tokens)," said Eric, and took them out. "Which one do you want, Ross?" asked Eric, and Ross took blue. "Which one do you want, Daddy?" asked Eric, and Daddy took yellow. "Which one do you want, Eric?" asked Eric, and Eric took red.

"Who goes first?" asked Ross. Remembering that the rules state that the youngest player plays first, I said, "Eric does. Okay, Eric, you're first!"

"No I'm not - I'm going to play cars!" said Eric, and off he went to his room.

For more information about the study, please contact Dr. Michael J. Hwang at (310) 206-6500 or via email at mhwang@ucla.edu.

I've had several favorable comments on the 'Eric Department' material, and as Eric creates it, I'll report it. But I do not wish to leave anyone with the impression that I like Eric better than Ross, or that Eric does all the cute stuff and Ross is a bore. Quite the contrary. An amazing number of the 'Eric stories' could have been 'Ross stories,' because he had his cute moments too when he was three.

But to me, the great moment now belongs to Ross. To stamp collectors, the most important publication in America is the "American Philatelist," a serious and slick monthly in existence now for 99 years. Circulation approaches 100,000, and among specialty publications it is unusually well done. It is, in its field, the magazine.

So what do you suppose the cover story is for the May 1985 issue? Well, folks, it's all about Ross, the collector and designer of his very own postage stamps. The cover photo is of an envelope Ross sent to his grandmother, which he addressed himself and on which he drew a stamp. I wrote the story itself (for which I was paid \$30, but like an ass, I managed to mix the check up with the trash and throw it out!), the editor liked it, and - whammo! Ross is immortal!

Proud father speaking - how many kids do you know who have had one of their drawings on the cover of national magazines?

I dare not do it this time, but if anybody is interested, I'll gladly reprint the story. (Doug Brown - is there any way you could help reproduce the illustrations?)

THE TRIVIA QUIZZES

Not one single soul bothered with the 'Sesame Street' quiz, which I suppose says something for the age group reading this. I'll be glad to give any interested person the answers, but I see no point in printing them inasmuch as nobody bothered to mention the subject. (I suppose you all watch "The A-Team" and other dumb-ass shit like that?)

Similarly, nobody took up Matt's challenge on his heretofore-unanswered Silly, "2 E on the HB." Sorry, my friend, your prize will have to remain in storage. (Please!) Should anyone care, the answer is: Two Eyes (or Ears) on the Human Body." Tsk. How simple! Geez, any fool can get that one! Maybe some day I will....

We'll get to the Nazis in a moment. First, I'm inclined to make a comment on two recent events in the world.

1. Kudos to the Japanese for at last agreeing to honor the moratorium on whaling. Too bad they won't do so until 1988, but I think we take what we can get and applaud their decision. Now let's get to work on Norway! (I do not kid myself into thinking that the other two main culprits, South Africa and the Soviet Union, are likely to be influenced by 'sensible' means.)

2. Welcome home, President Reagan. Thanks for your brilliant and sensitive diplomatic activities at Bitburg. And if ever your conscience (if any) starts troubling you, relax; no matter how you tried, you didn't offend everybody. So what if even Bill Buckley and Jerry Falwell opposed you on this one; you've still got the Klan in your corner....

NAZI DEPARTMENT: John Caruso is to be congratulated for a complete and correct set of answers to the Nuremberg Trials trivia quiz last time. I had announced no schedule of prizes, but John's is this: The next time he chooses to join a new COSTAGUANA game, there will be no fee.

Here are the answers:

1. The following were indicted as "major war criminals": Martin Bormann; Karl Dönitz; ? Fink; ? Frick; Hans Fritzsche; ? Funk; Hermann Göring; Rudolf Hess; Alfred Jodl; Ernst Kaltenbrunner; Wilhelm Keitel; Alfred Krupp; Robert Ley; Konstantin Von Neurath; Franz Von Papen; Erich Raeder; Joachim Von Ribbentrop; Hans Rosenberg; Fritz Sauckel; Hjalmar Schacht; Baldur Von Schirach; Artur Seyss-Inquart; Albert Speer; Julius Streicher.

(Note: "?" obviously indicates that I do not recall the first names. I concocted this quiz entirely from memory. Anyone who can supply these names will be profusely thanked. I think my failure to remember stems from the fact that in all three cases I know other people with the same last names, and have confused and then blocked. Help!)

2. Robert Ley did not stand trial; he committed suicide before the trial began. Alfred Krupp was excused for reasons of health - he died not long after anyway.

3. Martin Bormann was never captured; his indictment and sentence of death were "in absentia." Hermann Göring committed suicide by poison before the execution date.

4. Only Rudolf Hess remains in prison at this time. He recently turned 91, and is the sole occupant of the sprawling Spandau Prison in East Berlin.

5. Again, Rudolf Hess is the sole survivor.

Oh, and to return to the earlier answers: Sentences of life were imposed on Hess, Funk and Raeder (the latter two were eventually released). Determinate sentences were imposed on Speer, Neurath, Dönitz, and Schirach. (Again, all were released early; Speer went on to write best-selling memoirs, and Dönitz became head of the West German Navy.) And three men were entirely acquitted: Hans Fritzsche, head of the German broadcasting apparatus, who was found to be a technician with no hand in setting policy; Hjalmar Schacht, a banking genius and Finance Minister whose activities were likewise technical and not policy-making; and Franz Von Papen, a career diplomat left over from the Kaiser's era who had a hand in Hitler's early "peaceful" conquests - Austria, the Sudetenland - but who had retired before the outbreak of war. It is interesting that Papen and Schacht were the oldest defendants, Fritzsche the youngest.

In retrospect, only one of the sentences seems to be baldly unjust: The aristocratic Deputy Foreign Minister, Konstantin Von Neurath, was - like Papen - a holdover from the Imperial era and was a mere career diplomat doing the same job he'd always done. He was younger than Papen, however, and did not retire until midway through the war; and he had the misfortune to second his boss, Ribbentrop, and thereby assume the stains of the Nazi madness. He and Dönitz were released fairly soon after sentencing (about five years each).

One can argue forever about the 'justice' imposed here. Should purely military officers, like Dönitz and Raeder, be tried at all? Should such men as Keitel and Jodl, who were career officers serving as military advisers and liaisons to Hitler, be executed - after all, their policy-making was strictly on a military level. Should a madman like Ernst Kaltenbrunner - who, after Hitler and Himmler, was probably the most immense butcher of the whole era -

be in the same courtroom with the others in the first place? Were the standards of wartime conduct set too high? Too low? Was the whole trial a 'rush job'? Did Soviet and French demands for 'retribution' color the results?

Most such questions can never be answered. Mainly, what remains is this: Nuremberg set a standard for the treatment of civilians and prisoners in wartime. If you're going to run a war, go ahead and slaughter the other guy's troops, but watch what you do to the non-combatants. Because if you lose....

Let's do games.

GAME THREE - Winter 1901

I wonder what I was thinking when I called for 'spring' moves last time.
How wildly silly.

A (Walters): Build a bud, a vie. Has: a's tri, ser, bud, vie; f gre (5).
E (Peel): Build felon. Has: a hel-flon, nth mid (4).

F (Walker): Build a mar, f bre. Has: a's par, spa, mar; f's bre, por (5).

G (Caruso): Build a mun, a ber. Has: a's den, bur, mun, ber; f hol (5).
I (Pustilnik): Build f nan. Has: a's ven two: f's tun nan (4).

P (Pustilnik): Build i nap. has: a's ven, tyo; f's tun, nap (4).

R (Brown): Build a mos, a war, f sev. Has: a's rum, gal, mos, war; f's sev, con, swe (?).

T (Cartier): Has: a's ank, gre; f aeg (3).

Okay, let's try again - Spring 1902 moves are due Saturday, June 1, 1985.
(I have orders already for Austria, France, Germany and Russia, though of course they may be changed at any time up to deadline.)

Whoops - Turkey has moves in as well.

BROWNEYE (that oil-rich Pacific island country giving away money for absolutely no good reason) (the 14th of Febulember 1902, The Browneye Bulletin): DOCTORS "REAR" THEIR UGLY HEADS (by I. C. Stethescope). As the couple left the beautiful shell collection of the hotel's South Seas Garden and strode back toward the festive gathering of internationally renowned doctors, they spoke of the strange things that had been disturbing them the last few days.

"Is that some kind of silly joke?"

"Yes, of course it is, dear, but don't let it bother you - or us. No one pays attention to sillies."

"But, George, if it's a silly joke why should we risk our reputations by being in this press?"

Realizing that his lovely companion was determined to, if not straighten this out, at least understand it, George allowed his happy mood to fade.

"Look, Gladys, the headline doesn't really matter."

"As long as he doesn't put us on, huh, George?" Caught off guard by her pun, George was encouraged that perhaps the evening wasn't entirely lost. He turned and looked deeply into her eyes. He realized for the first time how beautiful her eyes were shimmering in the moonlight and was saddened to think those eyes were only hiding a brain so stupid it did not know it had made an almost passable yuk-yuk.

"Oh, Gladys, you are a quick little fox at times, aren't you? But, actually we're in this press only because that same person wants to use us."

"Oh, George! I've never even met the man!"

"No, Gladys, not that way. I mean we wouldn't even have reputations to think about if we weren't in this press."

"You mean our reputations would be nothing to speak of?"

Not sure if he had heard correctly, George decided to ignore that one.
"Uh, no, I think. I mean we wouldn't even be speaking without this press."

"Oh, George, that's hard to believe. Surely someone would give us some press space."

"Possibly, but who would give us words? And let's not press our luck."

"Oh, George, you just made a yuk-yuk!"

Sensing that Gladys was very close to forgetting about the headline, George tried to further distract her.

"Ah, Gladys, the Pacific may be beautiful and romantic, but it would be nothing without you."

"If that means you're going to try to leave me hear, George, forget it. I've got the return ticket hidden and I'll be on that steamer when...."

"No, Gladys, no, no. I was just trying to be romantic."

"Oh, well, that's good, George, because if I ever thought that you were..."

Still trying to save the evening and sensing that the press was in trouble, George interrupted, "Say, Gladys why don't we talk about the medical convention?"

Gladys, being neither truly medical nor conventional, was somewhat at a loss for words but gave it her best shot, "Okay, Georgie. I don't understand why you guys had to come hear for a medical convention."

Finally annoying him enough to where he could not let it pass again, George replied, "Don't you mean here, Gladys?"

"Of course I do. That's what I'm wondering about. Honestly, George, sometimes I think you're a little slow upstairs."

"No, Gladys, what I mean is 'hear' is what you do with your ears."

A little tiffed at George's thick-headedness, Gladys continued, "What's the matter? This is a medical convention, isn't it? Ya got ear doctors, don't 'cha?"

"Okay, okay! I knew I should have brought my wife."

"Well, you didn't. You brought me because I'm the best little receptionist you ever had, isn't that so, Georgie?"

"Sure, whatever you say."

"Then tell me why you guys insisted on meeting in Browneye."

"Then think about it, Gladys. The proctologists got to pick this year. Now if you were a proctologist what could be a better place? All you do all day long, day after day, day in and day out, week after week, week in and week out, month after month, etc.--- in our kind of work all you do is look up..."

"Telephone numbers?" suggested Gladys helpfully. "That's all I look up all day long, day after day, day in and day out, week after week, week in and week out...."

"Okay, Gladys, that's enough. Hey, I see a couple guys I'd really like to talk to. Stay here for a minute, will you?"

As Gladys pouted, George went quickly over to a couple guys standing outside a small meeting room. As he got closer, he could see that the stacks of cartons were labelled "CALIFORNIA'S FINEST" and "BETTER LIVING THROUGH CHEMISTRY". While trying to make a buy, uh, make a selection from the many bottles and boxes of different colored pills, George had to almost shout over the traditional pharmacists' chant coming from inside the small room: "Like, double, double, toil and trouble. Like, fire burn and cauldron bubble..." Quickly making his score, George returned to Gladys, who had not been idle, uh, left idle.

Because of the potential player turnover, I'm going to hold the next season to builds only. Matt Johnston and Jim Stevens have no orders due, but they must each notify me of their intent to continue or I'll replace them.

And speaking of which - technically, I have two standbys for this game, Konrad Baumeister and Keith Sherwood. But I know Konrad isn't really slaving at the mouth waiting, he's just helping me out; so if any other reader (e.g. the EFGIART players joining us this time) cares to volunteer?....

Winter 1903 moves are due Saturday, June 1, 1985.

BUDAPEST TO CONSTANTINOPLE: That move made it most difficult for me to retreat to Ukraina as you requested, but since you didn't want me in Armenia I am doing my best to leave as rapidly as possible.

JAMUL: Well, it worked. But it reminds me of the man who told another man to stay away from his wife, so the guy did...and took up with his daughter....

HELSINKI (Reuters): Finland has joined the war,

And that is no jest,
We submit herewith our formal request
That we may raise new forces
In Finland, Sweden and Brest.

And lest you might hope
I'd leave out the quote,
Or some vague
Unfamiliar anecdote:

"A country without a memory is a country of madmen."

- Geo. Santayana

JAMUL (Goiters): "Request is denied,"

The editor sighed,
"Just whom do you think you are fooling?

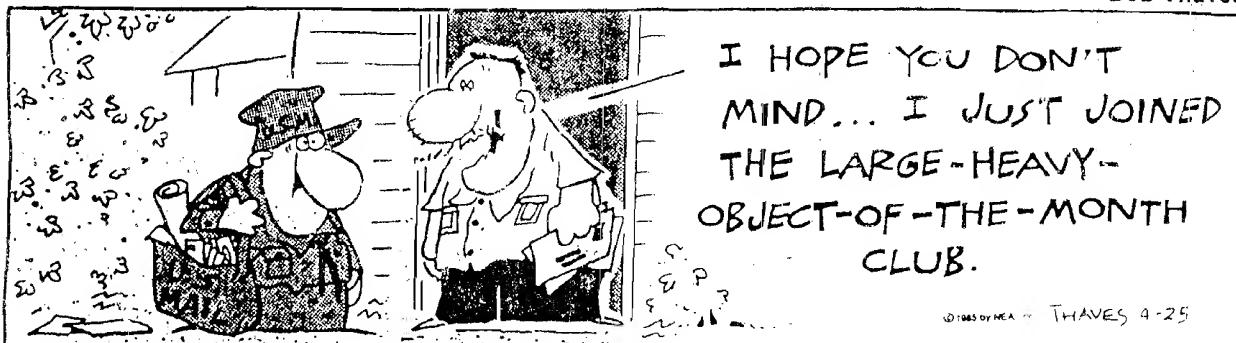
"But if (please take note)

"You'll dispense with the quote,
"You'll find my refusal is cooling."

"No man is an island, though there are metallurgical similarities!" - Sultan Hassanal

FRANK AND ERNEST

Bob Thaves



FROM DOUG BROWN:

Perhaps it's because of my own three-year-old daughter (Ellie), but nevertheless I like your Eric department. Now Ellie department: Ellie is "into" homonyms. You can't say two sentences without using some word she'll catch as a homonym (e.g. to, too, two). It started last month. I was driving along minding my own business and she hit me with, "There's two kinds of ATES. I ATE my dinner and I go to bed at EIGHT o'clock!" Yes, I responded in excitement, those are called homo...homo..."homophones?" I asked this three-year-old. She responded, "No; I think they're called homohouses."

Eventually I came up with the correct label, homonyms, and there's been no end to them ever since.

((It's as well I read this several days before typing, because it took a while to stop laughing. That's quite a verbal ability you have on your hands, buddy. And though we aren't talking homonyms here, have you bought her Dr. Seuss' "Fox in Socks?" I suspect she'd love it.))

WURGLEWURGLEWUGRLEWULGREELGWURGLUWRELUGWERWREULGUGLURWGLURELGWRWELWGUGWUERLGLURWE

GAME ONE (1983AC) - Fall 1907

* In last moves, Eng f bar-stp should have been underlined. In addition, the annihilated army in Tyrolia was French, despite my mistyping of my own notes....

AUSTRIA (Robson): a war (s) TUR mos-lvn. a ven (s) pie. a bud-vie. a ser-
bud. a pie (h). a gal-sil. a tyo-mun. a vie-boh. f tyn-tus.

ENGLAND (Pustilnik): a stp-lvn. a ber (s) FRE mun-sil. a edi-kie. a kie-
pru. f nth (c) edi-kie. f bal (c) kie-pru. f yor-edi. f bar-stp nc.
f hel (c) edi-kie.

FRANCE (Johnston?): NMR. a's ruh, bur, mun, mar; f's lyc, wes, spa sc (h).

ITALY (Stevens?): NMR. f tun (h).

TURKEY (Walters): a bul (h). a mos-lvn. a ukr (s) sev-mos. a sev-mos.
f ion-tyn. f bla-con. f nap (s) ion-tyn.

There are no retreats. No supply centers have changed hands since last fall, and there are no adjustments to be made.

However, I foresee a potential problem. If Matt and Jim continue, no trouble, we can just move on. If Matt drops, however, you'll want a little more time to get to know the new player - so, here's the (rather complex) way it will work:

Spring 1908 moves are due Saturday, June 1, 1985. If Italy does not send an order, the position will go into civil disorder. If France drops, the new player will be Matt Fleming (see last issue for address list). All players will send moves; however, I will honor any request for a delay if France changes owners. If no such request is made, we'll go right on.

A SHIP IN THE NORTH SEA: Captain York stared sadly out at the sea. He felt himself being shaken from behind; he turned around. It was a huge army corporal.

"Yo, man," said the corporal, "The condeesheens on this here shoat or bip or whatever stink!"

Several other soldiers joined the pair.

"Yeah, how come no one makes our beds?" complained another.

"And can't you keep this damned thing steady?" asked a third soldier.
"I want to get off."
"Are we there yet?"
"Yeah! I wanna go to Austria and fight the Russians and eat Turkey."
He scratched his head. "Or was it...."

Captain York heard the long, sad cry of a seagull far overhead. He looked out to sea again, and a tear fell out of his right eye. They had come to this! The entire British navy did nothing but ferry these useless clods to the continent and carry supplies for them! The navy that wiped out the Spanish Armada and saved Britain again a Trafalgar, doing piggy-back duty! What dishonor! Where were the days when the British navy alone defended the noble and lonely island from the powerful French fleets? His right eye issued forth another tear, as he asked himself, "Where?"

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Thanks to the several people who Supplied the Boardman Number person's address. Presuming his efficiency, we should have Game Three numbered next time.

Back for a moment to the Nuremberg Trials. Michael Pustilnik, in his answers (which were accurate as far as they went), slipped in the old rumor that Bormann escaped to South America. Modern authorities place little stock in that supposition. Obviously some Nazis did wind up in Paraguay and other southern climes, but - though admittedly there is no proof - the feeling among current analysts is that Bormann, who was one of the very last to leave the Bunker that served as Hitler's headquarters, died in his attempt to escape. Too bad we'll never know for sure; I'd hate to think that he's been floating around the jungles all these years, happy as a lark....

But here's a fun technicality for you. Just suppose that Martin Bormann were found tomorrow, captured, and brought "back to civilization." What would happen to him? Technically, he is under sentence of death, but the proclamation requires that he be brought to Nuremberg for execution - but none of the powers that held the tribunal has any authority in Nuremberg any longer. So what would we do? Turn the bastard over to the Israelis? (That solution gets my vote, they deserve the honor.) Execute him somewhere else? Vacate the trial and do it all over?

zxcvbnmzxcvbnuzxcvbnmzxcvbnzxcvbnzxcvbnmzxcvbnmzxcvbnmzxcvbnmzxcvbnm

THE EFGIART GAMES

As noted before - welcome one and all. You'll be seeing your games in these pages in future, and I hope you find the location comfortable.

Doug originally indicated that there would be three games, but as one has just ended, we only have two. Just as well; I have long vowed never to exceed ten pages, and with all the press and ~~stap~~ interesting filler I like to include, six games would be pushing it. Five games pushes it tolerably less.

Anyway - hi. Look over the game reports in this issue and see if you have any problems with my notation system; it doesn't differ much from Doug's, but play it safe and check. As to deadlines, I schedule them three weeks apart. Occasionally - and this is being worked on but isn't solved yet - the nature of my publishing system requires that I use several days between typing and copying. When this happens, I'll stretch the deadline to compensate.

House rules are fairly simple:

1. The commercial rulebook.
2. Common sense.

When in doubt, ask. If you ask, however, don't be so specific that you give some of your strategy away, because any time I answer a policy question I always print the answer - it's only fair that all should know.

Missed moves are a Bad Thing. I therefore offer you two ways to make sure you don't suffer the indignity:

A. Send me your 'phone number and an authorization to call you. I will call - at my expense - and get your moves, and then send you the bill when I get it. Failure to pay revokes the privilege.

B. Send sealed 'general orders.' These would be your intentions in the game, however detailed you care to make them: List of enemies and friends, strategic aims, plans of conquest year by year, whatever. Write this sort of thing out, seal it in an envelope, and enclose same in another envelope to me. I will keep your sealed submission on file. If ever you miss a move, I'll have a local friend who knows how to play, open the envelope and fashion a set of orders based on your indications. Once used this way, the ol' envelope expires and must be replaced. Also please note: If you avail yourself of this system, keep some record of what you write. If your plans or allies or aims change, replace the sealed envelope with another one. This is because whatever you have in that envelope is what will be done; if it's obsolete, that's your problem.

Two missed moves in a row and you're out of the game. And mail sent postage due - or collect 'phone calls - will be refused. Other than that, I ain't got no rules. Any problems with this?

Now:

1983HK - on hold

Doug stated the deadline at 31st May. You can stretch it one day, to 1st June, but that's it, baby!

One player has 'phoned and has proposed that the game be declared a draw between Italy and Turkey. Okay, the polls are open; how do you vote? Here's how I work votes like this: One 'no' vote kills it, but a vote not received is counted as a 'yes.' So - if you oppose it, it will cost you 22c to take effect. If no 'no' votes are received by 1st June, the draw will be declared.

1983CA - also on hold

Same as above on deadline.

On Sunday last, Ross and Eric and I went to the zoo. Before entering, we stopped to buy Eric an annual pass (required once he turned three). When we got to the membership window, I told the clerk what we wanted, and she looked down at Eric and asked, "Do you want to join the Zoo?" He nodded yes. Then she asked, "How old are you?" and he replied in a very loud voice, "I'm three. Is that okay?"

THE END.